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morning he resumed his march to Wicklow, where he was to stay for a few days, and if all remained quiet he was to proceed to Hacketstown, a small town on the confines of the counties of Wicklow and Carlow, there to await further orders. Grana Hall was but ten miles distant, in another direction, however, across the hills; so here we separated. He advised me not to set out until the following day, when a corps of yeomanry would be marching part of the way, as the news had arrived a few days previously that a strong body of the rebels, under the command of Holt, had passed Wicklow Gap, and were dispersed in small parties in the vicinity. I promised to abide by his instructions, but after an hour's wandering through the little town, then no better than a hamlet, I felt so lonely and dull, and withal so impatient to reach my journey's end, that I ordered my horse, and despite my landlord's warnings and entreaties, set out alone, leaving directions to have my portmanteau sent on with the yeomanry. This was the commencement of my misfortunes:

For six miles I rode in safety across wild hills and romantic glens, the people on the wayside "clamping" their turf, and moulding their potatoes, and the children sporting in the fields, or lounging at the cabin doors in the sun, the pictures of happiness and contentment. I began to think the rebellion was a sham, and all the stories I had heard about it were lies; and that in short there was no rebellion. About mid-day I arrived at the village of Aughtim, in the midst of a barren district surrounded by grim hills, of savage aspect, covered thickly with grey rocks, that looked stern and forbidding, as the hot sun gleamed fiercely upon them. Here I fed the Lyanna, and had a tumbler of whisky-punch, an Irishman's beverage at all times, and in all seasons. In summer he drinks it "to keep out the heat," and in winter to "drive out the cold." Thus fortified, we again proceeded. A crowd of the villagers assembled to see me start, observing me apparently with great curiosity, and I noticed that the women shook their heads, and looked at me with a pitying expression of countenance; but nothing was said.

My road now lay along the banks of a mountain stream, amidst the same wild uninteresting scenery, but after about two miles it turned abruptly at right angles into a wide and rather romantic glen. The hills on each side were well wooded, or covered with heather; and rose from the river's brink almost perpendicularly. The water boiled fiercely along, amongst the huge boulder stones which from time to time had rolled down from the mountain side; and the willows along the bank leaned over, waving in the evening breeze, like a lover drinking in the music of his mistress' voice. The road was cut in the side of the hill, and was full of windings, caused by the irregularities of the ground. The long arms of the mountain ash threw their shade across it, save where, here and there, the sun flung in a fostering ray upon green banks covered with bluebells and daisies. He was already sinking in the west, and his light, as it fell athwart the hill side, shed a

golden hue on the tree tops beyond the stream, while the clear rich notes of the blackbirds were gently wafted across through the balmy air. There was no extended prospect, I could at no point see more than ten yards in advance: on my right the hill rose perpendicularly; on my left was the river, more wood, and another steep ascent. It was exactly the time, the clime, and the spot for lovers to whisper their vows, or children to sport and gambol.

A sudden and rather steep incline brought the road almost on a level with the river; and at the bottom, the latter was spanned by a small rustic stone bridge, across which a sort of lane led up into the wood on the other side. Lounging in various attitudes at the corner, were five or six men, some smoking, but all armed, as I could see the steel gleaming in the sun, while still at some distance. At the first moment of surprise, I felt considerably alarmed, and, "I am free to confess," rather disposed to turn and fly. But further reflection convinced me that my safest course was to advance boldly, as if unconscious of danger, for if the objects of my fear were friends, flight would make me ridiculous; if enemies, it would be useless; as one well-aimed ball would cut short my career long before I could reach the turn of the road. I rode on; a short thick-set man, with thin pale face, but rather intelligent features, and a black beard of at least a week's growth, advanced, armed with a musket and bayonet, and planted himself in the centre of the road straight in my way, looking at me with the calm, imperturbable air of one who had a duty to perform, and meant to perform it, though it was a matter of no personal interest in the world to him. This was encouraging! these are a yeomanry piquet, thought I, stationed here as a measure of precaution to examine all passers-by; but it is curious that they are not all in uniform; ah, perhaps it's not necessary unless at head quarters. It took but a second to console myself with reflections like these. I was roused by a peremptory order to stop. I pulled up: the party on the bridge stared at me with silence, while their companion seized the horse by the bridle, and said in a tone phlegmatic as his manner—

"Where are ye from, an' where are ye goin' to?"

"From Rathdrum last."

"Ye're an Orangeman!"

"No, I'm not: I know nothing and care nothing about orange or green."

"Well, thin, it ill becomes a suthyuch that's nayther wan thing nor t'other to be ridin' so nate a baste, when honestest min's thrampin' on foot. An' if ye're not Orange yerself, ye belong to the breed anyhow, for how the devil else would ye get into sich a nist o' Tory hunters as Rathdrum! Get down, I tell ye," and suiting the action to the word, he pulled my left foot from the stirrup, and with a smart push sent me sprawling on the road at the other side. I rose, covered with dust and boiling with rage. But what happened afterwards I must reserve for another chapter.

THE SWISS SOLDIER.

It has been the custom for several hundred years for those amongst the Swiss peasantry who can find no occupation at home, to serve for hire in the armies of foreign monarchs. Having been always celebrated for their fidelity to those whose cause they have once undertaken, most of the kings of Europe have kept them as a body-guard.

The dangerous nature of the calling they follow is, however, perfectly well known, both to themselves and their relations, and consequently, when a young man leaves home with the intention of seeking his fortune in foreign armies, both he and they but too keenly feel the uncertainty of his return. His reappearance is, therefore, hailed by his own friends and the other villagers with as much joy as if he had risen from the dead.

The return of one of these wanderers is portrayed in the accompanying engraving. And the artist has delineated with

wondrous skill and feeling, the unexpected joy, the home made happy.

The mother, busied with her household work, is seen in the corner of the kitchen: the father, whose locks time has whitened, and who is now quite deaf, is regarding the old family Bible which lies open on his knee. That book to him is something beside divine: it is a volume that wakes up old memories, deep and tender. There he has inscribed the births, the marriages, and, alas! the deaths in two or three instances, of those he loves. By him stands his grandchild, full of joy and surprise, telling good news, news that makes the heart leap up with gladness. It is the decline of the day. The sun is sinking, and a flood of golden light is on the scene. The mother has been speaking of by-past days, speaking in an undertone, and whispering to herself the name of one who is to her most dear. She has been thinking of her son, far

away in the noisy camp and toilsome march, exposed to all the dangers of a soldier's life. The old man has been reading, half aloud, the words of the parable, and a tear has fallen on the book as he repeated the verse—"When he was yet a

dog starts up, a footstep is heard without, and with a hurried step the Swiss soldier, the long absent son, is again at home. Who can tell the happiness of such a meeting? who can tell the strong emotion, the smiles and tears, which are



THE RETURN OF THE SWISS SOLDIER. FROM A PAINTING BY EDWARD GIRARDET.

long way off his father saw him, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him." At that moment the child has uttered her hasty news, the old man lifts his hand and brings his ear forward to listen. There is a cry of joy from the mother, the

aroused? who can tell the home blessedness, the sunshine in the house? War's alarms and dangers are now over, a peaceful life outstretches from that point—"He that was dead is alive again; he that was lost is found!"